

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

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OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY, LITTLE MEN
AND WOMEN, BABYLAND, AND THE FAVORITE.

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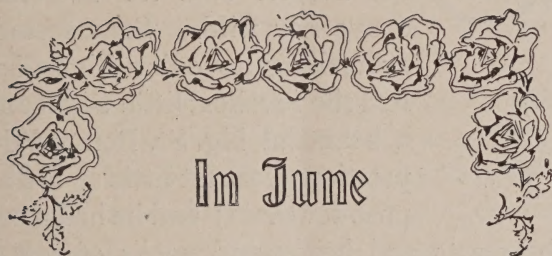
The Second Prize, Class "Pets," in the First Photograph Competition, was awarded for this picture to W. E. Dickinson, Bradford, Iowa.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1901.

No. 8.



June's the time when all the wild things come a-peeping in
the grass,
When the buttercups and daisies bob and curtsy as you
pass;
Such a flushing, such a blushing of the roses, pink and red,
Such a stirring, such a whirring of wee bird-wings overhead,
Such a tilting, such a liltng of the bonny bobolinks —
Oh, the June days are the joy-days of the whole glad year, me-
thinks!

June's the time when all the children come a-dancing out of
school,
Out to find the wild strawberries, and the fishes in the pool;
Such a tripping, such a skipping, such a rush of eager feet,
Such a sounding and resounding of gay voices, clear and sweet —
Ah, 'tis you, wee lads and lassies, with bright faces all aglow,
Make the June-days just the joy-days of the whole glad year, I
know!

And E. Allen.



THE MYSTERY ABOUT SAM.

(*Far-West Children.*)



SAM DINGLEBY was nine years old, and he had not one brother or sister, and he was always so hungry for company that his mother said he sometimes nearly drove her wild. Sam seemed to have everything to enjoy himself with. He had the loveliest little Shetland pony, and a beautiful big St. Bernard dog, and the prettiest cleanest little stable built on purpose for them; and he had a cote of costly pigeons with breasts and heads and necks of soft colors that made you think of rainbows and white clouds and blue June sky. To be sure he didn't have a bicycle, for nobody had bicycles then. But he had a little printing-press, and he had drums and a Chinese dragon-kite, and he had a corner in the library full of story-books.

I do not know what Sam could have wanted that he did not have, except company — that is to say, all the children he wanted and all the dogs. His mother didn't like children as visitors very well, and his Aunt Sarah did not like them at all. His Aunt Sarah lived at his house, and dogs, common dogs, both she and his mother absolutely refused to "have around."

The summer he was eight Sam almost lived at the washer-woman's, several blocks away, on a back street. She had eight children. They were good-enough children, even Aunt Sarah said, except, of course, in their grammar. Their house was small, and it was always filled with washing-steam, and the back yard was always full of clothes drying, but yet there was room for glorious playtimes. So Sam only came home that summer, all through vacation, for his meals and to sleep, and when he did come he was brown with dirt from head to foot; his trousers were ragged, his shoes were filled with sand, and often his stockings were muddy.

Nobody would dream, Aunt Sarah frequently said, that this

boy, so ragged and tousled could be a Dingleby!

The next summer the washerwoman moved out of the neighborhood, and when school was out Sam was very lonesome for a while, and openly discontented and fretted a great deal. But all at once there was a change. Aunt Sarah and his mother both noticed it. Whenever Sam was asked to do an errand he did it so very willingly — he seemed really thankful to be asked. It is true that sometimes he was rather late in returning from his errands, but his mother said the weather was so warm you could not expect a boy to go any faster.

Sam was at home nearly all the time, except when he did errands, but he was not around “under foot” as usual, which made it very agreeable. He might be up in his pleasant room, or in the library, or taking a ride on his pony for a few blocks, or out petting Milton, his big dog, or busy in the garret with his printing. Nobody ever seemed to think just where he was, only you had a pleasant sense of his never being in the way.

There was another thing queer about Sam that summer, and that was his eating. He ate less and less, and soon he began to grow thin. You could see his shoulder-blades right through his gingham waists, and they had to keep putting smaller belts to his trousers. His mother one day actually dropped tears on the little slim new belts, when she was working the button-holes, to think that Sam was growing so pale and thin at the same time that he was growing such a good patient sweet-tempered little boy.

Aunt Sarah said she would simply *make* him eat! There was no use in a boy being finicky. So his father put a big juicy piece of steak on his plate next morning, and said sternly, “Sam, now you eat that steak! You’ve been notional about your meals long enough.”

Sam gazed down at the steak but did not touch it. He seemed to choke, and then he choked again, and then the next minute he sat back in his chair and cried out, “I *can’t*, father! I haven’t any right to!” Then he got up and left the table.

“Well!” said Aunt Sarah when she could find breath to speak. “I must say it is a good thing you have only one child,

John Dingleby! I believe that boy has been reading novels and got romantic!"

"Oh, no, he never reads novels," said Sam's mother, still trembling. "Why, he's only nine—he likes his little Hawthorne Wonder Book better than anything. I know he must be ill!" And she was obliged to leave the table, too, for she could not keep back her tears.

After a while, when breakfast was over, Sam came into the



"DOGS — ELEVEN!"

house whistling as if he were the happiest boy in the world. He brought in some wood for Janet, the cook, and he mended the canary's cage, and then he sat down quietly in a sunny corner to draw pictures, for he had taken it into his head to illustrate his Wonder Book.

His mother was sitting near him with her sewing, thinking what a dear good boy he was, when she heard Janet's voice, very loud, in the kitchen. She went out to see what the matter was, and there Aunt Sarah was, and she was saying to Janet, "You

amaze me! Where is that boy? *He'll* know what it means, I'll be bound! *Dogs — eleven!*"

When Janet saw Mrs. Dingleby she burst forth anew: "Eleven dogs, ma'am, in the loft of the pony's barn, yes, there is! and the scrubbiest, outlandishest dogs — burnt, and scalded, and broken-legged and blind — every one of 'em a sick dog, or else crippled, some with bandages and some with slings! And ma'am, they're all with the nicest rows of beds in boxes, and clean tin pans to eat from, and they're all contented like they was in heaven a-wagging their tails!"

Now Janet had gone up to the stable-loft to see if she could find the stamp that stamped the elegant floral design on her jelly-glass covers. She remembered having heard Sam tell the washerwoman's boy once that the stamp machine looked like a mad little "water-dog" and would be good to have in an animal-show; and as she could not find it in the closet she thought Sam might have borrowed it. She went to look, and there it was, on a beam of the loft, as wicked-looking as ever. But she had forgotten to bring it down after all — with the surprise of the sight that burst on her — all those dogs, all gazing at her, and wagging their tails.

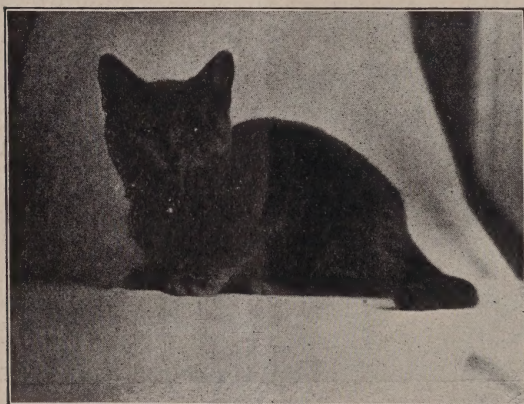
"You just go out and see for yourself, you ma'am, and you, ma'am!" she burst out again, turning first to Mrs. Dingleby and then to Aunt Sarah, when in rushed Sam from the dining room where he must have been standing.

A great storm of entreaty and eloquence poured from his trembling lips. "There're mine — I'm curing them! Oh, Mama, please don't take them away! I'm going to get homes for them — *good* homes! Just give me time, Mama! I never meant to keep them, Mama, truly — only until I had cured them! They're poor dogs that I've found everywhere, and heard of and gone after them, and they haven't got a friend in the whole world but me! I *had* to take out meat and things to them, Mama, but I did without myself! I never meant to take out more'n my share of things! And they're growing jolly fellows — they're getting 'long fine! Mama, say you won't make me turn off my dogs just yet — say it, Mama!"

For a moment Sam's mother stood silent. The mystery was cleared up about Sam. He was not going to die. Then she put her arms around her boy and drew him close, and she laughed, and she kissed him. "You shall keep the very last dog until he is cured," she said bending down and looking straight into his scared eyes. "They shall have all the nice good meat they need, and so shall you. If you'd just take mother into partnership, Sam, how lovely it would be!"

And Sam cried joyfully, "Oh, I will, Mama! I will!"

Lucia Chase Bell



"I CAN SLEEP AND GROW FAT."

FROM THE KITTEN.

I AM only a kitten, and what can I do
To keep myself busy the longest day through?
I can eat a good dinner, and drink some warm milk,
And smooth my soft fur till it's glossy as silk;
I can play when I'm frisky, and sleep and grow fat,
And in time I'll be known as "the family cat."

Mary Peabody Sawyer.



A LITTLE HORSEMAN.



ANOTHER LITTLE HORSEMAN.
(237)



KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

LITTLE King Arthur with his Knights
Sits at his Table Round,
And Knights more loyal than these two
Are never to be found —

Sir Faithful and Sir Christopher,
Who honor and obey
Their master, and where'er he leads
Will follow night and day.

Sir Faithful wears from top to toe
A suit of handsome brown;
Sir Christopher is clad in grey
As soft and smooth as down.

Sir Faithful's step is bold and free
And never shows a fear;
Sir Christopher so lightly treads
You scarcely know he's near!

And when one day King Arthur played
Close to the river's brim,
And splash! fell headlong in the stream,
Sir Faithful rescued him.

Sir Faithful hails from Newfoundland,
Surrounded by the seas;
A Knight of Malta, Christopher,
An elegant Maltese.

Hear brave King Arthur call their names,
When they at table sit:
"Sir Faithful is — my dear Fido!
Sir Christopher — my Kit!"

Zitella Cocke.



KATY QUITE LED OFF IN THE MARCH.

A PIECE OF PIE.

KATY LUM was a happy little girl, so happy it was fearsome. Katy had been invited to a party, and *such* a party — that was what made it fearsome.

Mrs. Lum said when Katy came in, "Here's Mrs. Fancher's man been over from the Great House with a note from her own little girl for you. I guess Miss Alice must have written it. Just hear this." Mrs. Lum read from the dainty pink paper — the faintest pink it was, you'd think it was white and only blushed a bit.

"Miss Bessie Fancher will be pleased to have Miss Katy Lum join her birthday party of six, on Saturday afternoon at four."

Didn't Katy's eyes shine! How wonderful first-time things are! It was the first time she ever had a letter, the first time

she was ever called "Miss," the first time she was ever asked to a party!

Mrs. Lum's eyes shone too, but they looked wet. Why older people cry when they're glad, is more than one can tell. Katy was her only, only child. Mrs. Lum did fine ironing and mending for Mrs. Fancher, two days in each week.

Up at the Great House, Mrs. Fancher and her sister had been talking the party over. Said Mrs. Fancher:

"There are Grace Hurlburt, and Mary Sanford, and Sally Cornell, and Beulah Bates, but who'll be the fifth guest? There must be six in the party on a sixth birthday, and I don't want to make it more than a neighborhood affair. Don't you think it would be nice to ask Katy Lum?"

"Katy Lum!" Miss Alice repeated. Then the loveliest look came into her face. "I think you're a dear," she said.

"You're a trifle off the question," Mrs. Fancher laughed. "Katy often comes when her mother works here. She and Bessie play well together then. She seems such a good little thing, and I don't suppose she ever had a party. I want Bessie to grow up to know goodness wherever it is found, but besides I'd like to give Katy a perfectly happy time for once."

"She shall have it, if putting our heads together will do it." Miss Alice nodded her own pretty head as if the matter was settled, and indeed it was.

What great doings at the Lum's the rest of the week! Mrs. Lum said to herself, "It won't cost much to buy muslin for Katy a frock, and a little lace to trim it with, and I'm as quick with my needle as the best of them. My girl shan't feel ashamed by the side of the others."

Between the stitches Katy had many rules given her how to behave—and didn't she listen, her blue eyes wide open!

When the Saturday came, and four o'clock came, her little heart beat so fast, so fast, as she went to the party. With her white dress and its pretty lace edge, and the pink sash, and her pink cheeks, there wasn't a sweeter-looking child there, not to except Miss Bessie Fancher herself.

Such a gay afternoon! Aunt Alice wasn't so far off from

being a little girl herself, that she couldn't lead the fun, and think up things they never thought of. 'Twas a pretty sight to see them play at "exercises," while she sat at the piano directing them. Katy had the native wit which catches things quickly, and she quite led off in the march. Mrs. Fancher was so kind, it never seemed to come into anybody's thought that Katy didn't "belong."

It was a wonderful, wonderful afternoon! Two hours of play,



THE LARGEST PIE YOU EVER SAW!

and at six they sat down at the tea-table. Such a table Katy had never seen before! Beautiful china and silver! And flowers! Flowers in the middle, flowers at each plate! Katy did just as the others did, and pinned hers on her white dress at the left side, up near her throat. And the broiled chicken, and the cake, and the nuts and the sweets! Then six odd little candles were brought, each one in a pink candlestick, and each one with a tiny black wick lighted — and behold, the odd little candles and the pink candlesticks were all made of ice-cream!

You had only to just blow out your candle and then eat it up!

Katy had dreaded the tea a little bit, not being quite sure of her table manners, but Miss Alice was always at hand to help her over the hard places without letting her know it, and that is the true way of helping.

Then everything was taken away except the table-cloth, and Katy wondered why they all kept their seats, when the maid brought in the largest pie you ever saw. It was as big as a large milk-pan, and very nicely browned was the crust, and cut in six great pieces.

No sooner was it set down than all the guests except Katy, cried out, "Oh, Jack Horner's pie!" and clapped their hands. Now Katy had heard how Jack Horner "put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum," but she thought this would be a most impolite thing at such a table, however it might answer if you were all alone.

But Mrs. Lum had said to Katy over and over again, "When you don't know how to do, don't do it — wait and take notice." So Katy waited and took notice, and lo! just at the edge of every piece was a loop of baby ribbon. Bessie, the small hostess, who sat at the head of the table, said "Put in your thumbs, girls!" Then each girl put her right thumb into the loop of ribbon in front of her, and all were as still as mice for an instant. "Now pull!" said Bessie, when all the thumbs were in, and they pulled.

Never a pie went to pieces as that one did! Katy pulled with the rest, but she was so taken up with noticing how they did it, that when something fell forward in her arms she was surprised to see a doll-baby resting there with its eyes closed as if it had just gone to sleep, as indeed it had. Now Katy's darling wish had been a doll which would open and shut its eyes, and say "Mama!" She squeezed this one close, and if you'll believe me, it piped out the real word, "Mama!" so plain that a very deaf person could have heard. And the size of it! It must have laid quite across the pan! And the dressing of it — quite as fine as Katy's own party frock!

The other girls too seemed delighted with their pieces of pie

though there were no more wide-awake-go-to-sleep-say-Mama dolls. Possibly they had had them before.

And wasn't it wonderful that this one doll should come to Katy Lum's thumb to pull out — this one doll which made her the very happiest child there, without any "fearsome" in the happiness?

Maybe Mrs. Fancher and pretty Miss Alice could have explained how it happened.

Helen A. Hawley.

JANE AND ELLEN AND THEIR RING-DOVES.

IN my story, "The Mocking-Bird and the Ring-Dove," there was perhaps little about the ring-dove; but I have a story about some other ring-doves that were no doubt very near relatives of that one, for they came from the same beautiful forest on the eastern shore of Maryland.

These two little ring-doves belonged to two little girls, Ellen and Jane. The children kept them in a rustic cage in the dining room of the large old-fashioned house in which they lived. Their father had family prayers every morning in this room. As soon as he began reading the chapter the little doves would chime in with their plaintive cooing and accompany him all through the service.

The entire family became very much attached to them, and by and by, when they went to Florida to live, the little ring-doves were taken along.

At one time, in their Florida home, there was a cousin of the little girls staying with them, and he was very fond of going off marooning in the Florida swamps. Perhaps some do not know what is meant by "going off marooning." It is to go off to lonely spots and stay for several days at a time to hunt game.

One day the cousin came home without any game. He said he had heard some ring-doves who seemed by their sad tones to

be pleading for the life of all the birds in the swamp, and they reminded him so much of those belonging to little Ellen and Jane that he had not the heart to shoot at any of the beautiful birds in the swamp.

It greatly pleased the little girls to think that in their way their pet doves had saved the lives of other birds; and then they told him a story they had heard of some ring-doves that had saved a pirate.

This pirate was a very bad man, so extraordinarily wicked that when he was captured he was at once put on an island out at sea all alone. Here he managed to live only by fishing and working every minute to get food and shelter. He lived on this

island a year. At last, one day, a ship came in sight. After he had signalled many times the ship came to the island, and the captain finally concluded to take him away.

The lonely man told the sailors the whole history of his past life. They soon saw that he was honestly penitent. He claimed that the ring-doves on the island had wrought the mir-

acle. There were many of these birds among the cypresses, and day after day their sweet mournful notes were the only sounds he heard. Their soft voices brought back to him the memories of his innocent childhood, and he grew sorry for all the evil things he had done.

The pirate really became a good man. And little Ellen and Jane said they truly believed that it was the gentle ring-doves that saved him.



THE DOVES AT HOME.



THE NOON-HOUR AT THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

OUT-DOORS AT GRANDMOTHER'S.

(When I was a Little Girl.)

WHEN I was a little girl, I was always eager to go down to my Grandmother's. She lived four miles away out in the real country, with only two or three other houses in sight. My Grandfather lived there too, but he was not well and had to sit much of his time in a big rocking-chair because he had the rheumatism; so Grandmother was the more important person in my childish eyes. I remember little about Grandfather except that he had very pretty red cheeks. He said little to us children, yet seemed to like to see us playing around.

In the big orchard at one side of Grandmother's house many birds had their nests, and we liked to take peeps into them and see the bluebird eggs and to reach our small thin arms away down into the holes where the large partridge woodpecker had built, when the bird was away. We would take out very gently

one of the long white eggs now and then, to look at, but always put it back, for Grandmother allowed no stealing of eggs or nests in her orchard.

There were lovely fields below Grandmother's house, and we found them full of treasures. Very early in the spring the ground was red in many spots with the checkerberry — or boxberry, as we called it. The fruit was twice as big as in the fall, all swollen by the rain and snow of winter. It was fun to pick these big berries. They had a nice mild flavor, and were very tender, but withered quickly if kept long in the house, but except for a stray one overlooked in our pockets, you can be sure we never did keep them long.

In one of the meadows, in May, were hosts of swamp-pinks (a pretty pink orchis) and odd pitcher plants with flat saddle-shaped flowers, and many other flowers not commonly found elsewhere. A pretty brook ran through this meadow, and at one place it widened out into a tiny pond where the cattle went to drink, and there stepping-stones were put down, and we often crossed over to Strawberry Hill, which we named from the many wild strawberries growing on it.

Beyond Strawberry Hill was a pine wood and here we played happily for hours — my sister and I, and sometimes 'Siah would come too, but he was generally fishing in the brook for the trout he never caught — father said there were some there, and that he used to catch them when he was a little boy.

Playing house was our favorite amusement in the pine woods. We would take up a flat piece of pine needles all matted together, and place it carefully on four upright sticks; this made a nice thatched roof house, as you can see. We made the furniture from tiny green twigs fastened together by pins; cups and saucers from acorns which we found not far away. I was always teasing for 'Siah's jack-knife to use in making our furnishings, and I am sorry to say that I lost more than one of his knives; then I had to save up all my big copper cents and buy him another. I remember Grandmother said that if jack-knives could only come up, there would be a large crop of them as so many had been planted on the farm.

When I was a little girl, children had to make and imagine more things than they do now, and I think it was better fun. I remember we used to pretend to light our houses with lamps — and the lamps were spools with a small brown puffball on each; we would give the puffball a squeeze to make it smoke. If the lamps seemed a trifle large for the house it did not matter — I fancy we would have called them piano lamps if there had been such things in that day. We made fine brooms by tying pine needles upon little straight twigs.

I do not think that we pretended to have much to eat in these houses, but in some of our plays I remember we used the inside (taking it out whole) of very green milk-weed pods for fish; you will see if you care to try it, that you have a very nice looking white fish to “make believe” with.

Of course like other children we went nibbling about, taking a taste of this, a bite of that; I remember that we thought the tasteless white “swamp apples” that grew on the wild azalia bushes were very nice; sometimes we found something similar on huckleberry bushes, and we puckered up our mouths trying to eat the very acid pink and white fuzzy apples found on the oaks. We pulled up much grass to find ground nuts — hard little nut-like bits that are found on some grass roots. In the early summer we picked big bunches of the young and tender checkerberry plants, which we called “drunkards”; these we ate with almost as good a relish as the checkerberries themselves.

The birds and animals in Grandmother's woods and fields were very tame; the red and gray squirrels, the saucy chipmunks, came very close to us and watched our plays (when they were quiet ones), with their sharp little eyes. Once a skunk went trotting by; not daring to stir, we watched him as he went through the woods — he was so handsome with his long shining black and white fur and plume-like tail. We often saw quails and partridges, sometimes with their little ones. I remember once when going along a wood path that we met a partridge with her little chickens; the partridge darted off one way and all her little babies ran another, and the partridge kept making a mewling sort of noise to show her children where she was, and

to warn them of danger. The little things quickly hid under the leaves and we could not find even one, but I think the old partridge found them as soon as we went away.

Sometimes we found in the meadow a meadow mole's nest, and tiny little moles in it. I never knew anything that had such soft thick fur as those meadow moles—it was like fine velvet.

We took anything we could find for playthings. Maybugs



THE PARTRIDGE DARTED OFF.

even the common brown ones, we did not despise, and when we found a gold-colored one we were greatly pleased. Then there were dandy-bugs which had a splendid changeable color, crimson and green, and scarlet fiddlers from the milkweed plants that played little tunes for us when held in the hand, and ever so many other kinds. We used to carry our bugs around in our hands, or in tiny paper boxes, for a little while, and then let them go.

When I was a little girl, I never heard of Bands of Mercy

such as they have now-a-days ; but my mother and father always taught us never to hurt any living thing no matter how small, and in our plays we tried to be gentle with the insects and little animals we found. I never had the slightest fear of the small bright green snakes or of the striped brown ones, and if I could catch them I took them from place to place by their tails and put them wherever I wished them ; but I never cared much for them as playthings — it was too hard to keep track of them because they slipped away so easily.

There were lilac bushes beside the house, and by the stone wall very big deep pink roses ; we liked to snap these rose-leaves — they were so big and made a fine loud noise. There were other roses too, sweet white ones and little pink cinnamon roses. We used to fold rose-leaves sprinkled with sugar in pieces of paper, pound them with a stone, and then when all soft and juicy we ate them. I have heard that they were called “rosy cakes,” but I don’t think we had any name for them. We ate the early sweet violet in the same way, and liked the sugared violets better than the rose-leaves.

My sister and I made long chains from the lilac flowers by putting one flower into another ; and when the moss bloomed in the shade of the stone wall, we made linked chains by sticking the smooth end of each stem into the tiny green knob at the other, pulling off the brown cover of the knob first.

We had many, many fine plays with out-door things.

Elizabeth Robinson.

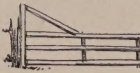
RIDDLE-RHYMES.

XV.

WERE I to say each hour has sixty,
 There would not be much of a riddle in it —
 For every one, from five to fifty,
 Would guess its name in half a ——— !

C. S. P.

THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES.

 **N**EXT morning Mouser, the  Dilver  cat, remembered the large  he had jumped at the night before, and thought he would take a walk through the  and see if he could find her. He was sure to know her by her two big , her two little stand-up , and her speckled . In the  he ate part of a  as he passed, sprang at a  just for fun, and gnawed an . Then he came out in the , but saw nothing of the  with the big . So he went along until he came to the  by the red . He jumped up on the gate and looked in the . Then he looked among the , and all at once he jumped down and pounced on something — not poor , but Polly-

 Mouser- knew that little red flannel doll—he knew very well it was 's little pocket-. He took her up in his , climbed over the  and started for the . He didn't stop to bite  or nibble a , though he loved . He met , and Bobs said, "Hello, Mouser! What you doing with 's doll?" But , with head up and tail up, didn't stop to answer, but went into the , upstairs, jumped on Doffy's , and laid Polly down.  didn't know that her  had been carried off by an ; she just saw that Polly was all wet, and she said, "Oh, naughty, naughty ! You had my dolly out in the wet grass to play with! You must have your little  spatted!" So, just because he could not talk and tell his story, good Mouser had his  spatted. Wasn't it too bad!

LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE MARCH TO TINKERTOWN.

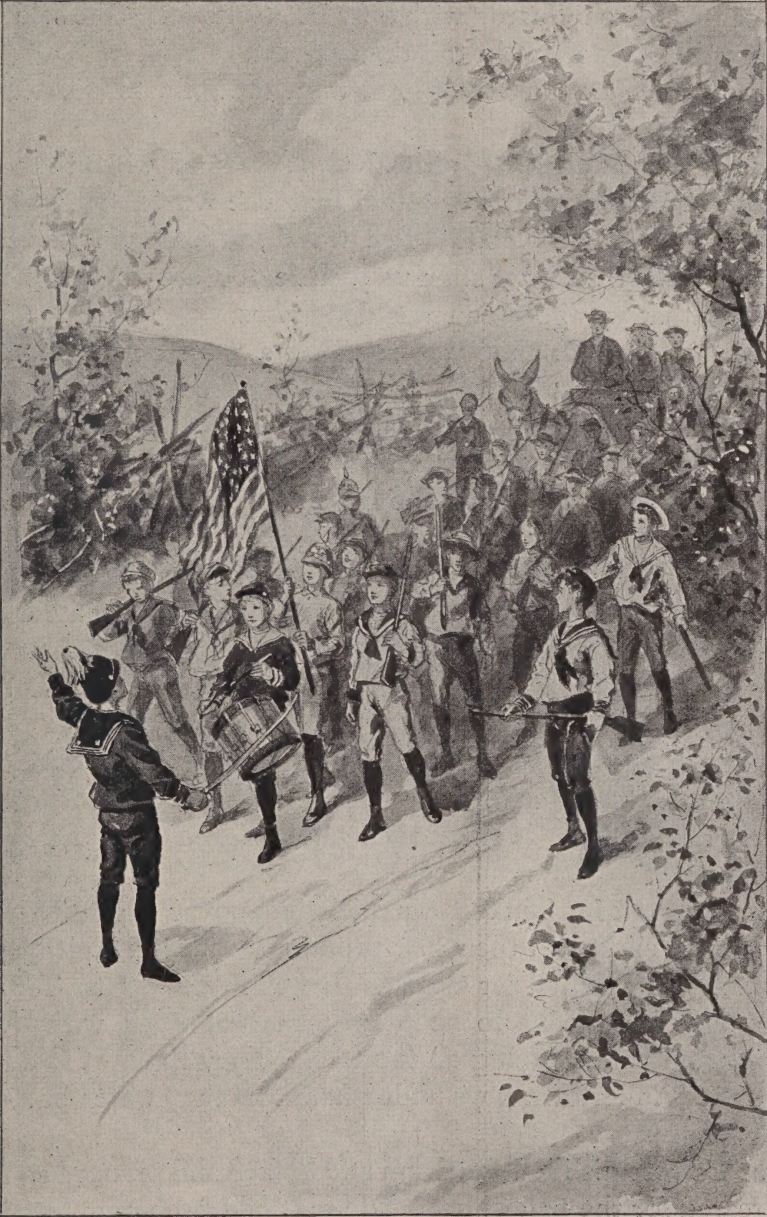
WITH what was left of the show-money after enough was laid aside to pay for hauling the gun home—it was two dollars and a half, instead of five dollars, as Billy Boy had expected—the Pekoe Guards helped out those boys who really couldn't pay their share for the gun.

There were different reasons why these boys couldn't pay. One had to give all the money that he earned by jobs to his mother because she was poor, and another hadn't paid for his bicycle and owed thirty-five cents at the candy-shop. The rules of the Guards were very strict. No money was to be given for the gun until all honest debts had been paid. The boy who was helped had to promise that he would pay those debts just the first minute that he could.

Billy Boy's Aunt Kate's husband, the soldier, had told him that one must "serve his country with clean hands." That was quite a grown-up saying for the Pekoe Guards, but they understood it when they found they couldn't give any money for the gun until they had paid their debts! But there was a very kindly feeling shown to those who couldn't pay and their names were known only to Peter Plummer, who took care of the company's money.

Bright and early the next Saturday morning the whole of the Pekoe Guards, thirty men—the Captain always called them his men—set out on the march for Tinkertown to buy Long Tom and to *get* him which was by far the more difficult and exciting part.

Now Bee Brown, as the sister of the Guards, felt that she ought to go and protect them. Bob laughed at her and said that she thought she could keep the bear from biting Billy Boy. But in truth Bee didn't care about going very near to Perigo's woods; she only thought that Billy Boy and the other boys would be more careful if she and Pinky Jones went too. For the Pekoe Guards had always seemed to feel that it was a part of the duty of soldiers to take care of ladies.



CAPTAIN BILLY BOY DREW HIS MEN STERNLY INTO LINE.

But Bee's mother would not let her go to Tinkertown to take care of the Pekoe Guards with only Pinky Jones. She said Orlando must drive them in the donkey-cart.

Now the Pekoe Guards did not want the girls to go. Even Billy Boy didn't.

Danny Frazar said that girls always screamed when they saw a bear. And Billy Boy was afraid that Bee would try to keep him away from the woods. Bee wasn't, as she said herself, a "screaming person," but she was a little too apt to think that anything that was good fun was dangerous.

And although Orlando was so good a "make-believe" bear in a show, it was darkly whispered among the boys that he was afraid of a "truly bear." He had frankly owned to Billy Boy that he would rather see a real bear in the geography than out of it. So it was pretty sure the boys thought that he wouldn't be of much help in getting the gun.

But if those girls wanted to go it wasn't of the least use to try to stop them, not the least; so Ralph Fay said, and he had a good many sisters.

So it was settled that Orlando should take them in the donkey cart.

It was arranged that when they got the gun they would telephone to the teamster to come after it, and that not one of the Guards should leave it until it was safely locked up in the Pekoe gun-house.

They set out for Tinkertown with Tommy Pritchard drumming his liveliest and their flag proudly borne by Smithy Jepson who was very tall for eleven. It was five miles to Tinkertown, but they meant to keep up a martial tread, with drum beating and banner flying all the way. They thought it would make the Tinkertown boys understand that they were not afraid of a bear.

But Carrots disliked the drum and kicked and pranced so that Bee feared for the pail of lemonade that had been put into the back of the donkey-cart with the great box of cookies that Ann, their cook, had made for the refreshment of the Guards.

So one of the Guards had to be detailed to sit upon the pail

of lemonade, and a demand to take turns in that pleasant duty disordered the ranks a little.

Bee and Pinky thought, too, that Carrots ought not to be disturbed all the way by the drum and that Tommy Pritchard, the drummer, ought to have a rest.

It was mortifying that it was just as Tommy Pritchard, red-faced and panting, was having a drink out of the lemonade pail, with Pinky holding his drum, and most of the others were straggling out of line, Ray Rogers and the two Tatwick boys that they had seen with him before, should go whirling by on their bicycles.

"Hullo, Pekoe Guards!" called back one of the Tatwick fellows. "We're going over to see fair play, but if you get used up like that on the way, you'll never get Long Tom!"

Tommy Pritchard said a rude and ungrateful thing. It was really no excuse for him that he felt the drummer of the company should not be seen drinking lemonade on only a five-mile march.

"I most wish we hadn't let girls belong at all!" said Tommy "Because then there wouldn't have been any lemonade."

Captain Billy Boy drew his men sternly into line and marched them on rapidly.

Carrots was fat and he was tired, for the day was warm, and would hardly go at all.

Tommy Pritchard's gun beat out again its liveliest rat-a-tat, and the flag blew back gaily as the company marched on. On and on leaving the donkey-cart behind.

Tears came into Bee's eyes as she felt that even Billy Boy would rather have the donkey-cart out of sight when the Guards entered Tinkertown. When the drum was out of hearing Carrots started again. At the corner, where a long dark road led into Perigo's woods, Orlando drew rein.

"The Guards have got to go up to the top of the hill to pay Captain Stork's wife for the gun. I don't know whether we would better drive around to Pumbleberry's Pond, or down into Perigo's woods," he said.

(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett,



"I'LL FIND IT," SHE WHISPERED.

THE LITTLE ROUND SQUARE.

OBSTINATE Olga took no rest,
Always she wandered about her quest
Over the world from East to West.

The little birds ever did sing and sing:
"Obstinate Olga, there's no such thing!"
But she bade them all be off and a-wing.

"I'll find it," she whispered, "by dark or by light.
I dream it all day, and I dream it all night —
Such a wonderful shape, such a wonderful sight!"

The little leaves gossiped together at play,
A little brook chuckled and ran away —
"That foolish creature!" they seemed to say.

But Obstinate Olga shook her sweet hair:
"Now hush ye! Some summer, some time, some where,
I surely shall find me a little Round Square!"

Agnes Lee.

THE LOVABLE TALES OF JANEY AND JOSEY AND JOE.

VII.—THE MEADOW LARK'S LESSON.

AND one day in June dear little Janey Monroe was picking flowers beside the road — way down the beautiful road near the mulberry tree.

And Janey was all alone, as she loved to be, because she could “make believe.”

And to-day our Janey was making believe that she was a poor little child who had lost her way — a poor little child who had no home!

“Oh, oh, I’m *so* lonely and sad!” she said.

A meadow lark lit on a fence post right by her side, and sang a sweet song.

Our dear little Janey laughed aloud. “I was only pretending, you sweet little bird,” she said, “I’m not one bit sad. I’m glad, glad. I’m Janey Monroe, you know.”

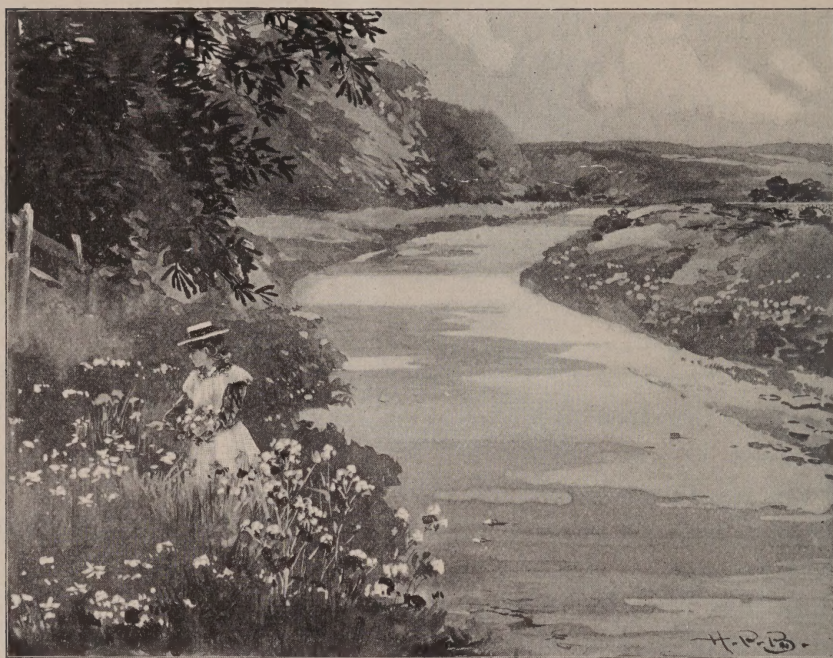
And the lark tipped his head on one side, and looked at Janey with his bright little eyes, and then he opened his dear little bill and oh, what a sweet song he sang!

And Janey listened. “I believe you think it is wrong to even *pretend* to be sad, you sweet little bird,” she said.

The meadow lark spread his dear little wings and flew up, up and away, away.

And Janey sat down under the mulberry tree to make a daisy chain. “I think it is fun to play be sad, when you really and truly are glad,” she said. “And besides I’m Nellie Brown, and not little Janey Monroe.”

And the dear little goosie pretended to cry. “Oh, oh, I wish I had some one to love me!” she sobbed. “I wish a dear kind lady would come by, and see me and say, ‘What a lovely child! Who are you, my dear little girl?’ And I would say, I’m *poor* little Nellie Brown. I’m lost, and I have no home! And the lady would say, ‘You shall be my own little girl. I will take you right home with me, Nellie Brown, and give you a Shetland pony!’”



JANEY WAS PICKING FLOWERS BESIDE THE ROAD.

And just at that minute Janey heard a carriage coming over the river bridge. And the little goosie said to herself, "I'll not look up when the carriage goes by. I'll look down like this, and pretend I am poor little Nellie Brown!"

And the carriage came on down the beautiful road. And who should be in the carriage, but Aunt Susan Mehetible dear! And in the carriage beside Aunt Susan Mehetible was an exceedingly handsome man.

And when Aunt Susan Mehetible saw little Janey under the mulberry tree, she called, "Oh, precious one, come here, and meet a new friend, one who loves you dearly."

And Janey shook her head, and would not raise her eyes.

And Aunt Susan stepped out of her splendid carriage and came to Janey's side. "Why do you hang your curly head when I speak to you, precious one?" she said. "What is the matter, you dear little Janey?"

And Janey looked up into Aunt Susan Mehetible's eyes and said, "I'm poor little Nellie Brown, and I haven't any home

And oh, how Aunt Susan Mehetible laughed. She laughed and laughed until two little tears rolled down her cheeks. She knew that her dear little Janey was "making believe" and that this was part of the play.

"Poor little Nellie Brown!" Aunt Susan Mehetible said. "The gentleman waiting in my carriage is the Governor of our State. He wanted to see little Janey Monroe very much indeed, but he never has heard of you Nellie Brown,—so good-by Nellie Brown!"

And Janey jumped up, and threw her arms around Aunt Susan Mehetible. "Oh, I'm Janey, I'm not Nellie Brown, Aunt Susan Mehetible dear," she said. "Is it *really* and *truly* our Governor?"

And Aunt Susan Mehetible kissed her and said, "Yes, precious one, it really and truly is our Governor. When I was a little girl, and he was a little boy, we used to play together. He wants to see little Janey Monroe."

And when they came to the carriage the Governor said, "Well, is this the lovely child I have heard so much about? Why did you hang your pretty head, when your Aunt called to you, dear?"

And Janey looked up into the Governor's eyes and said, "I was making believe that I was poor little Nellie Brown, and of course I didn't know Aunt Susan Mehetible, and of course I didn't know you."

And oh, how the Governor laughed.

"Ha! ha!" the Governor laughed.

"I remember I used to pretend I was some one else, when I was a boy. Now come with us and take a ride, you beautiful little girl!"

And Janey went for a long, long ride with Aunt Susan Mehetible dear, and the Governor of her State!

And she sat on the Governor's knee, and told him about the meadow lark that sang to her that morning. "I'm sure the lark was saying, 'It is wrong to even *pretend* be sad, little Janey,'" she said. "I guess that lark is right. When I make believe after this I will always be some one who is happy and glad."

And the Governor kissed our sweet little Janey and said, "You lovable child, how wise you are! If we all would hear the lesson of the meadow lark's song this world would be happier far."

Gertrude Smith.



PEGGY'S DOLLY.

ONLY a roll of cloth tied to a broom!
 The one precious plaything of Peggy MacGroom,
 A poor ragged child, in a dark dirty street,
 With no hat on her head and no shoes on her feet,
 Yet no little maiden, with dolls by the score,
 Is nearly so happy as this child of four,
 With this one single dolly that's made out of rags,
 And the carriage to draw it, a broom that she drags —
 For to Peggy's mind's eye, 'tis a beautiful thing,
 And the coach dolly rides in just fit for a king.

M. B. Thurston.

COUPONS AGAIN.

The half price coupons given in the April LITTLE FOLKS were so popular and so many little workers have asked for another set it has been decided to issue ten more with this number. The time has been extended to October 1st, thus giving an opportunity to use them any time during the summer.

The friends of LITTLE FOLKS are sure to see many children during vacation time who never had the magazine but who will gladly take a six months' trial subscription for 25 cents.

The publisher has been pleasantly surprised by the number of little subscribers who have sold the whole set of ten coupons and judging from their pleasant letters they have found it quite an easy and agreeable task.

Don't forget that you can pay for your own or another subscriber's magazine for a year by selling the ten coupons. If you have a little friend who cannot afford to subscribe it would be a pleasant thing to give him or her the coupons and explain that they can secure the magazine in this way. The publisher will send sample magazines to use for this purpose.

A bound volume of LITTLE FOLKS (volume one or two) will be given as a premium to any one selling ten coupons. These are large beautiful books, handsomely bound in colored covers, and are full of splendid stories and pictures. Nearly forty thousand of the present subscribers have never seen these books. Why not try to have the complete set of LITTLE FOLKS from the beginning. Not many copies are left and it will soon be too late.

If you do not sell all the coupons at once you can ask to have those you send placed to your credit. If you prefer, you may have fifty Brown engravings 5 1-2 x 8 inches for each five coupons sold.

CAUTION.

Many letters from subscribers containing money have been lost during the last two months. It is therefore unsafe to send bills except by registered mail. Postal and Express money orders and checks are perfectly safe. Subscribers who continue to receive delinquent notices after having paid should address the publisher at once, stating the day and if possible the hour and place of mailing.

HALF PRICE TRIAL COUPON.

In order to introduce LITTLE FOLKS to new families and thus secure new friends and make them permanent readers, a six months' trial subscription will be given for 25 cents in stamps or silver. This offer applies only to families where LITTLE FOLKS has never been taken.
S. E. CASSINO, Publisher, Salem, Mass.

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RIDDLE-RHYMES.

APRIL ANSWER.

The Answer to Riddle-Rhyme XIII, in the April number, is Brook.

APRIL HONOR LIST.

Boys and girls who sent the correct answer to Riddle-Rhyme XIII.

Helen E. Cadwell, Edna Stultz, Pearl Stultz, Luther U. Swank, Katharine Reiley, I. Eleanor Fairchild, Walter McM. Ralph, Philip E. Hulburd, E. Janet Maynard, Alice Joy Williams, May L. Copeland, Florence H. Cook, Angie Louise Porter, Rosie Rolfson, Willis Lee Osborn, Gladstone Bering Heisig, Raymond Virtue, Roy Virtue, Alice Woodruff, Helen Hall, Kenyon Green, Hugo E. Anderson, Helen Stevens, Irma Otwell, W. E. Krouse, J. Clement Powel, Sylvia Stevens, Ruth Holmstrom, Dora D. Jack, Florence Knowlton, Everett P. Combes, Walter A. Curtis, Allen W. Withers, Rachael P. Withers, Sadie Elisabeth Field, Agnes Jacobson.

The April Riddle-Rhyme has proved harder to guess than most of the others, though it was guessed by one child of five—and the Honor List is shorter than usual. A great variety of incorrect answers were sent in, such as “sun,” “moon,” “star,” “shadow,” “time,” etc. Several children sent “river,” and this answer was regarded as correct, as the difference between a “brook” and a “river” is in the size—but the first line of the Riddle-Rhyme, “I am a little thing,” etc., should have told these guessers that it was a “brook” instead of a “river.” Several who sent the correct answers forgot to sign their names to their letters, and as the Editor could not guess their names they do not appear in the Honor List.

JUNE HONOR LIST.

The June Riddle-Rhyme is a very easy one, especially for the littlest “Little Folks”—and we shall include in the June Honor List, to appear in August, only the names of boys and girls under seven who answer it.

Answers to June Riddle-Rhymes must be received by July 1. Answers must wholly the children's own.

Send answers to Editors of “LITTLE FOLKS,” Warner, N. H.

The thanks of LITTLE FOLKS for very pleasant letters are sent this month to Alice B. Williams, Jack Johnson, Ned Cook, Kathryn Pickard, a little Pand of Mercy President; Dorothy Kane, T. S. Milbourn, Carol May Green, who has a great umbrella-tree growing by her home in California; Lyell Arnold, Ernest T. Alward, Evangeline Crowe'l,

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Mary Hastings, Estelle M. Stockman, Dean W. Hyde, Clara Cohn, Dorothy Spence, Romyn Atley, Christiana Squires, Alice M. White, Edith Grant, Frances E. Street, Bell Thomas, Eleanor Austin, France R. Kellogg, Lilly Mulligan, H. Christie Barnham, Austin K. Noyes, Louise Peed, May and Hulda, whose teacher reads *LITTLE FOLKS* to them every morning; Fannie Langworthy, Gladys W. Wheeler, William H. Huse, Jr., a little Band of Mercy boy; H. C. Gragg, Blanch Cartwright, Walter C. Whitney, Margaret Reynolds, Alice Kline, Harriet Beatrix Andrews, Virginia Snodgrass, Richard Montague Kimball.

SELKIRK, MANITOBA.

Dear "*Little Folks*":—I am a little girl nine years old. I have three little sisters and one brother. I like to take you, and I am sending you ten subscribers. When I first started I thought I would only get five but I got one more, so I thought I would go on till I got ten. The Red River broke up on the twelfth of April. It was quite a sight. We had a good view as we live by the river bank. It jammed at the island and flooded the flats, and now I must close. — *Eunice Grain.*

CALAIS, ME.

Dear "*Little Folks*":—I am a little girl eight years old, and I go to school. I like all the stories but best of all, the letters. I have a little sister, her name is Grace. She is five years old. She cannot read you yet. I have fourteen dollies. I have a cat named Chummy, and he is too lazy to do anything but eat. I read you to my dollies once, and they seemed to think you were pretty nice.

— *Edith Chase Davis.*

LARCHLAND, ILL.

Dear "*Little Folks*":—I am seven years old, and you have been my New Year's present for two years. I like every story and letter in you. At our Christmas entertainment one of the little girls stood hidden *as the tree was rocking* "On the tree was a rocking chair for our everyday teacher given by her pupils, and yesterday she gave me a dollar to send for *LITTLE FOLKS* to place in our library, so that all the scholars can take you home to read. Isn't that good of her? I have earned another dollar and I send them both to you. One for the school and one for Little Folks' Sewing Machine. I intend to make my teacher a cushion for her chair. Mama will show me how. We live near the County Farm and Mr. Mower, the Manager, takes *LITTLE FOLKS*, and his daughter reads it to the little ones there. That is very kind of him too. — *Margaret Newell.*

Wallace, Cal.

Dear "*Little Folks*":—My little sister Dorcas takes you. She is too young to write, so I am writing for her. I read the stories every month to Dorcas, and she always wants me to read "Jimmy Crow" first. She says she is going to be a knight like "Sir Robbie." I like all the stories and the "Letter Bag" too, but I like "Poor Baby Dare" and "The Little Girl at Mount Vernon" best. We send one new subscriber. We would like "Black Beauty" and "Tanglewood Tales" for a premium.

Flora Merrill.

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E. Fougere & Co., 30 North Williams St., N. Y.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl nearly 12 years old. My sister and I have been taking you over two years. "I like "Teddy's Grandmother" and "The Strange Adventure of Mazie," but I like every one. I love to read the little girls' and boys' letters. I think we will bind a book of you some time. We expect to go to the country this summer and have a fine time. I have a sweet little cousin. He is over one year old, and he makes the noises of nearly all the animals. We have a book called "Bird Neighbors," which has beautiful pictures of birds in it.

Edith Stratton.

Chelsea, Mass.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl eight years old. I am in the advanced fourth grade. I haven't any pets or brothers and sisters. But I have a big doll. She wears a coat and two dresses that I had when I was six months old. I have you as a Christmas present. I like "Roggie and Reggie," "Betsey's Evening in the Woods," "How Jock Saved Betsy" and "The Two Dogs that Went to School."

Margaret Varney.

Everett, Mass.

My Dear "Little Folks":—I am so delighted with you and the little letters that I want to write a letter to you, too. Mama is writing this for me because I am only three years old and can only make funny little marks for letters. I am so pleased when the postman brings you to me each month that I just jump up and down and run to mama to read me funny "Jimmie Crow." I think "Little Mazie" and "Jimmie Crow" just the bestest stories! One night I dreamed I was little "Mazie," and I cried till mama came and I awoke, but I was only mama's little Gladys, after all. Then I laughed and went to sleep again. My baby sister Virginia is 20 months old and she finds "Little Folks" and says "caw! caw!" and laughs when mama reads "Jimmy Crow." My little puppy "Toby" likes you too, I think, because when I am not looking he takes you in his teeth and runs under my crib. The "Five Fairies" that live away out in Michigan are just the dearest fairies. I like them and when I go to visit my grandmama next month I will look into the big fire place and see if I can find a lovely fire fairy. I am very sleepy and must say good night to you little letter writers and go to By-low land. Oh, I forgot to tell you how nice I can say "A little girl sat rocking her doll and my papa just laughs when I try to jump away from that "baby mouse."

Gladys Thayer Trask.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am nine years old and have taken the "Little Folks" for three years and the longer I take it the better I like it. I live where there is no snow, but you can see it on the mountains in the winter and sometimes in the summer. I can climb a tree like a monkey,

Purle Belle Gillette.

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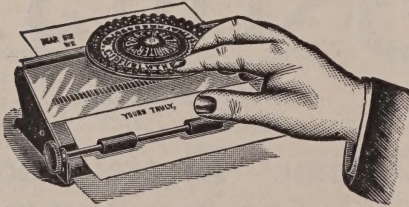
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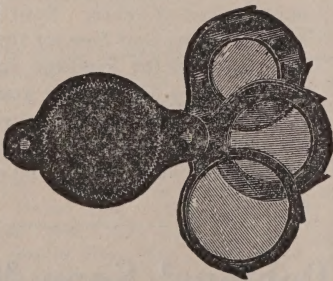
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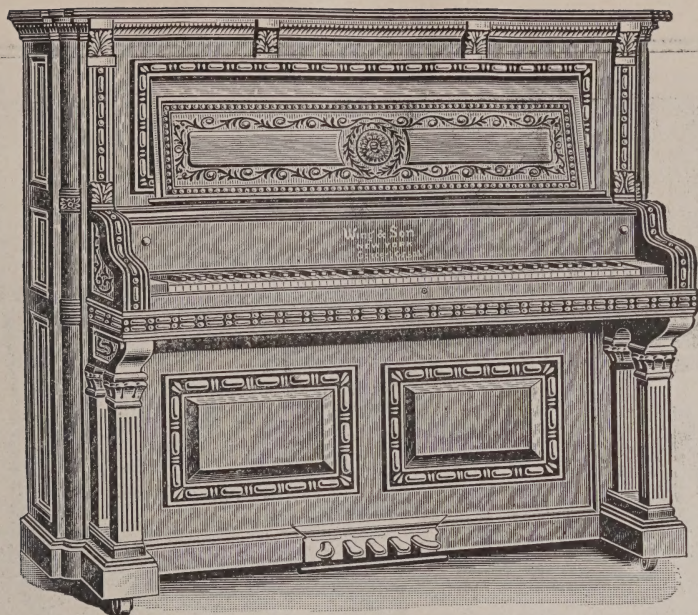
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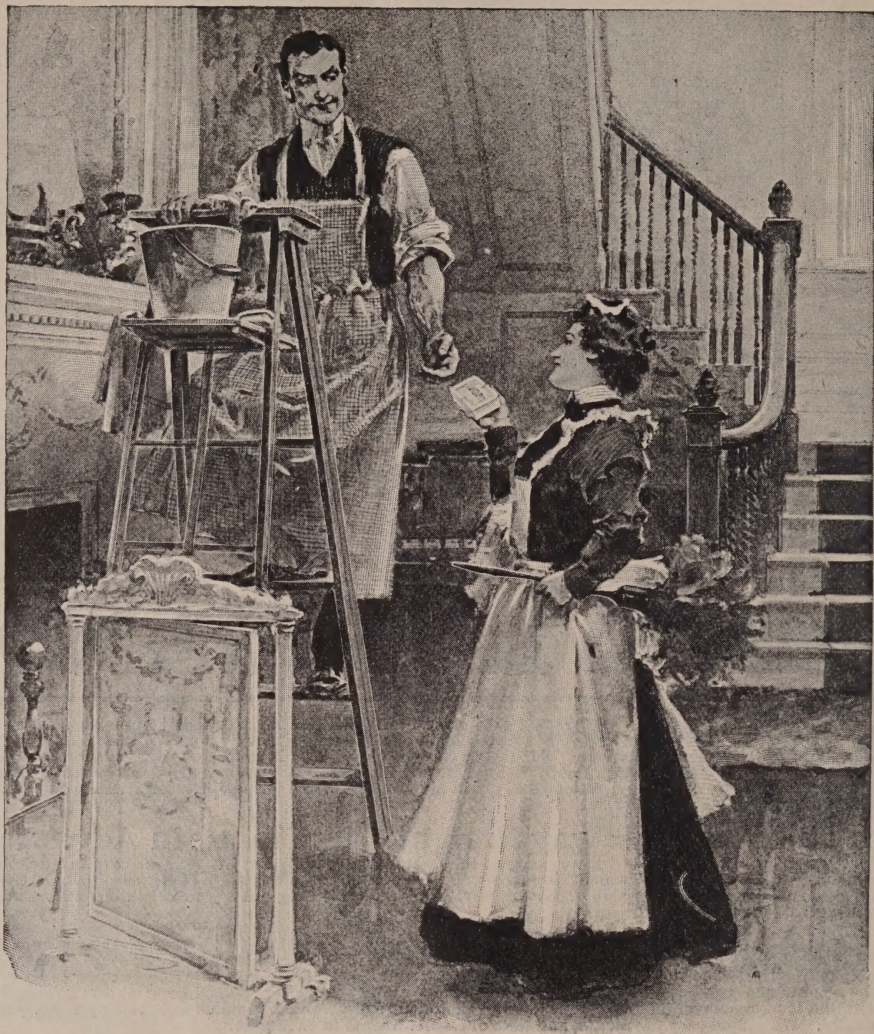
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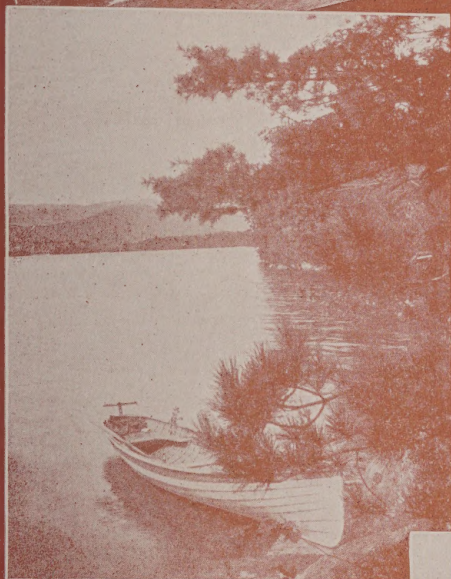
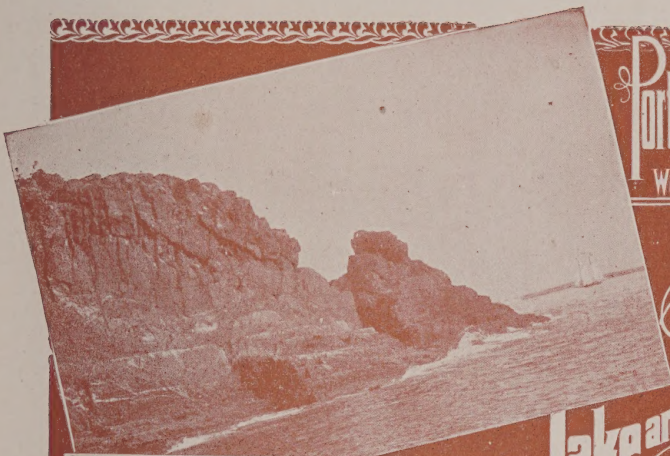


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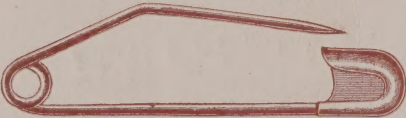
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